

## The Final Cut

### The Post War Dream

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Bb C F Bb/F F Bb C Bb/F F

Bb/F F Bb  
Tell me true, tell me why was Jesus crucified?

C C7 F  
Is it for this that daddy died?

Bb/F F  
Was it you? Was it me?

Bb  
Did I watch too much T.V.?

C F Bb/F  
Is that a hint of accusation in your eyes?

F  
If it wasn't for the Nips

F7 Bb  
Being so good at building ships,

C C9 F  
The yards would still be open on the Clyde.

F7  
And it can't be much fun for them

Bb  
Beneath the rising sun

C C7 F  
With all their kids committing suicide.

Bb F  
What have we done, Maggie what have we done?

Bb  
What have we done to England?

C F A  
 Should we shout, should we scream,  
 Bb Bbm F/C Dm7  
 "What happened to the post war dream?"  
 Gm7 C7  
 Oh, Maggie,  
 C7+ F C Bb F  
 Maggie what have we done?

# Your Possible Pasts

-----  
 G Am  
 They flutter behind you your possible pasts,  
 C D G  
 Some brighteyed and crazy, some frightened and lost.  
 G Am  
 A warning to anyone still in command  
 C D G  
 Of their possible future, to take care.  
 G Am  
 In derelict sidings the poppies entwine  
 C D G  
 With cattle trucks lying in wait for the next time.  
 Em  
 Do you remember me, how we used to be,  
 D  
 Do you think we should be closer?  
 G Am  
 She stood in the doorway, the ghost of a smile  
 C D G  
 Haunting her face like a cheap hotel sign.

G Am  
Her cold eyes imploring the men in their macs

C D G  
For the gold in their bags or the knives in their backs.

G Am  
Stepping up boldly one put out his hand.

C D G  
He said, "I was just a child then, now I'm only a man."

Em  
Do you remember me, how we used to be,

D  
Do you think we should be closer?

Em C Em C Em D C D Cmaj9

G Am  
By the cold and religious we were taken in hand

C D G  
Shown how to feel good and told to feel bad.

G Am  
Strung out behind us the banners and flags

C D G  
Of our possible pasts lie in tatters and rags.

Em  
Do you remember me, how we used to be,

D  
Do you think we should be closer?

One Of The Few

-----

N.C.

When you're one of the few to land on your feet,  
What do you do to make ends meet?

Teach.

Make them mad, make them sad, make them add two and two.

Make them me, make them you, make them do what you want them to.

Make them laugh, make them cry, make them lie down and die.

The Hero's Return

-----

D

Jesus, Jesus, what's it all about?

Trying to clout these little ingrates into shape.

When I was their age all the lights went out.

There was no time to whine or mope about.

Cmaj7

D

And even now part of me flies over

Cmaj7

Dresden at angels one five.

D Cmaj7

Though they'll never fathom it behind my

D

Sarcasm desperate memories lie.

D

Sweetheart sweetheart are you fast asleep? Good.

'Cause that's the only time that I can really speak to you.

And there is something that I've locked away

A memory that is too painful

To withstand the light of day.

Cmaj7

D

Cmaj7

When we came back from the war the banners and

D

Flags hung on everyone's door.

Cmaj7

We danced and we sang in the street and

D

The church bells rang.

G C  
But burning in my heart,

G C  
My memory smoulders on

G C Em add9  
Of the gunners dying words on the intercom.

The Gunner's Dream

-----  
G G+ Em C G D Em

G G+  
Floating down through the clouds

Em/G C  
Memories come rushing up to meet me now.

G  
In the space between the heavens

D C  
And in the corner of some foreign field,

G Em C  
I had a dream,

G  
I had a dream.

G G+  
Goodbye Max, goodbye Ma.

Em/G C  
After the service when you're walking slowly to the car

G D  
And the silver in her hair shines in the cold November air,

Em Cmaj7 D/C C  
You hear the tolling bell, and touch the silk in your lapel,

G D Em

And as the tear drops rise to meet the comfort of the band,

C D  
You take her frail hand and hold on to the dream.

G G+ Em C D G D Em D C D/C G D C G Em C Em

G G+  
A place to stay, enough to eat,

Em C  
Somewhere old heroes shuffle safely down the street.

G D  
Where you can speak out loud about your doubts and fears,

Em  
And what's more no-one ever disappears,

Cmaj7  
You never hear their standard issue kicking in your door.

G D  
You can relax on both sides of the tracks,

Em C D7/C  
And maniacs don't blow holes in bandmen by remote control,

G D  
And everyone has recourse to the law,

C G Em  
And no-one kills the children anymore.

C G  
No-one kills the children anymore.

C D G D Em D  
Night after night, going round and round my brain,

C D G  
His dream is driving me insane\_\_\_\_\_.

G

In the corner of some foreign field,

D  
The gunner sleeps tonight.

Em C D/C  
What's done is done.

G D  
We cannot just write off his final scene.

C G Em  
Take heed of his dream,

C Em  
Take heed.

Paranoid Eyes

-----

G C G  
Button your lip and don't let the shield slip.

C G  
Take a fresh grip on your bullet proof mask.

C G D C  
And if they try to break down your disguise with their questions

G D C G/B Am D Am  
You can hide, hide, hide,

G  
Behind paranoid eyes.

G C G  
You put on our brave face and slip over the road for a jar,

C G  
Fixing your grin as you casually lean on the bar.

C  
Laughing too loud at the rest of the world

G D C

With the boys in the crowd.

G D C Am D Am  
You hide, hide, hide,

G  
Behind petrified eyes.

C G C G C G Em D Am G

G C G  
You believed in their stories of fame, fortune and glory.

C G  
Now you're lost in a haze of alchohol soft middle age.

C G D C  
The pie in the sky turned out to be miles too high.

G D C Am D Am  
And you hide, hide, hide,

Behind brown and mild eyes.

Get Your Filthy Hands Off My Desert

-----

G C D G

G  
Brezhnev took Afghanistan.

C  
Begin took Beirut.

D G  
Galtieri took the Union Jack.

G  
And Maggie, over lunch one day,

C  
Took a cruiser with all hands

D G



Apparently to make him give it back.

C G  
Mm\_\_\_\_\_.

The Fletcher Memorial Home

-----  
G C G/B Am  
Take all your overgrown infants away, somewhere,

D Bb+ Bm A/C#  
And build them a home, a little place of their own.

D Em C D Em7 D/F# G C  
The Fletcher Memorial Home for incurable tyrants and kings.

G C G/B Am  
And they can appear to themselves every day,

D Bb+ Bm A/B Bm  
On closed circuit T.V. to make sure they're still real.

C D Em  
It's the only connection they feel.

Cmaj7  
"Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome Reagan and Haig,

D  
Mr. Begin and friend, Mrs. Thatcher and Paisley,

Cmaj7  
Mr. Brezhnev and party, the ghost of McCarthy,

D  
The memories of Nixon. And now adding colour,

G D/F# C  
A group of anonymous Latin-American meat packing glitterati."

Em D  
Did they expect us to treat them with any respect?

G D/F# C  
They can polish their medals and sharpen their smiles,

G D/F# C  
And amuse themselves playing games for a while.

G D/F# C Em add9  
Boom boom, bang bang, lie down you're dead.

G D/F# Em D/F# G D/F# Em D Cmaj7 D

G D/F# C D G D/F# Cmaj7 D G D/F# Cmaj7 Em add9

G C G/B Am  
Safe in the permanent gaze of a cold glass eye,

D Bb+ Bm  
With their favorite toys, they'll be good girls and boys.

A/C# D Em C D Em7 D/F# G  
In the Fletcher Memorial Home for colonial wasters of life and limb.

D/F# C G D/F# C add9  
Is everyone in? Are you having a nice time?

D/F# C Em add9  
Now the final solution can be applied.

Southampton Dock  
-----

F  
They disembarked in 45,

Bb  
And no-one spoke and no-one smiled

C F  
There were too many spaces in the line.

Gathered at the cenotaph

Bb  
All agreed with the hand on heart,

C F  
To sheath the sacrificial knives.

F  
But now she stands upon Southampton dock

Bb  
With her handkerchief

C  
And her summer frock clings

F  
To her wet body in the rain.

In quiet desperation knuckles

Bb  
White upon the slippery reins

C F  
She bravely waves the boys goodbye again.

Bb Bbm F  
Mm\_\_\_\_\_.

Bb  
And still the dark stain spreads between

F  
His shoulder blades.

Bb F F7 Gm7  
A mute reminder of the poppy fields and graves.

F7 Bb C Dm7 C7/E  
And when the fight was over

F Am7 Dm  
We spent what they had made.

Gm7  
But in the bottom of our hearts

F  
We felt the final cut.

## The Final Cut

-----  
F F/C C  
Through the fish-eyed lens of tear stained eyes\_\_\_\_

Bb add9 F  
I can barely define the shape of this moment in time.

F F/C C  
And far from flying high in clear blue skies\_\_\_\_,

Bb add9 F  
I'm spiralling down to the hole in the ground where I hide.

Bb F  
If you negotiate the minefield in the drive,

Bb F  
And beat the dogs and cheat the cold electronic eyes,

Bb C Dm  
And if you make it past the shotgun in the hall,

Gm7  
Dial the combination, open the priesthole

/C F  
And if I'm in I'll tell you what's behind the wall.

Am F  
There's a kid who had a big hallucination

Am C  
Making love to girls in magazines.

Bb Dm  
He wonders if you're sleeping with your new found faith.

Gm7

Could anybody love him

Or is it just a crazy dream\_\_\_?  
/C F F/C C Bb add9 F

And if I show you my dark side  
F C

Will you still hold me tonight?  
Bb F

And if I open my heart to you  
F C

And show you my weak side,  
Bb

What would you do?  
F

Would you sell your story to Rolling Stone?  
Bb F

Would you take the children away  
Bb

And leave me alone?  
F

And smile in reassurance  
Bb C

As you whisper down the phone,  
Dm

Would you send me packing,  
Gm7

Or would you take me home?  
/C F

Am F Am C Bb Dm Gm7 /C F

Am F

Thought I oughta bare my naked feelings,

Am C  
Thought I oughta tear the curtain down.

Bb  
I held the blade in trembling hands,

Dm Gm7  
Prepared to make it but just then the phone rang,

G C Bb add9 F  
I never had the nerve to make the final cut.

Not Now John

-----

G D Em  
Fuck all that we've got to get on with these

G D Em  
Gotta compete with the wily Japanese.

G D  
There's too many home fires burning

Em  
And not enough trees,

G  
So fuck all that

D Em  
We've got to get on with these.

Can't stop	Lose job	Mind gone	Silicon
What bomb	Get away	Pay day	Make hay
Break down	Need fix	Big six	

Clickity click    Hold on    Oh no    Brrrrrrrrrrring bingo!    G D Em

C/E Em D/E Em  
Make 'em laugh.    Make 'em cry.    Make 'em dance in the aisles.

C/E                      Em                      D/E                      Em  
Make 'em pay.      Make 'em stay.      Make'em feel ok.

G  
Not nah John

         D                                      Em                      G  
We've got to get on with the film show.

         D                                      Em  
Hollywood waits at the end of the rainbow.

G                                      D  
Who cares what it's about

                                    Em  
As long as the kids go.

G  
Not now John

D                                      Asus  
Got to get on with the show.

G                                      D                                      Em  
Hang on John we've got to get on with this.

G  
I don't know what it is

         D                                      Em  
But it fits on here like.....

G                                      D  
Come at the end of the shift,

                                    Em  
We'll go and get pissed.

G  
But now now John

D  
I've got to get on with this.

C/E  
Hold on John

Em  
I think there's something good on.

D/E Em  
I used to read books but.....

C/E  
It could be the news,

Em  
Or some other abuse,

D/E Em  
Or it could be reusable shows.

G D Em  
Fuck all that we've got to get on with these

G D Em  
Got to compete with the wily Japanese.

G D Em  
No need to worry about the Vietnamese.

G D Em  
Got to bring the Russian bear to his knees.

G D  
Well, maybe not the Russian bear,

Em  
Maybe the Swedes.

G  
We showed Argentina

D Em  
Now let's go and show these.

G



Make us feel tough

D Em  
And wouldn't Maggie be pleased?

G D Em  
Nah nah nah nah nah nah nah!

Two Suns In The Sunset

-----

D A G A D

D G A  
In my rear view mirror the sun is going down,

D G A D  
Sinking behind bridges in the road

G A  
And I think of all the good things

D A G  
That we have left undone

D/F# Em  
And I suffer premonitions,

Bm  
Confirm suspicions,

Em A D A G A  
Of the holocaust to come.

D  
The wire that holds the cork

G A  
That keeps the anger in,

D  
Gives way

G A D  
And suddenly it's day again.

G A  
The sun is in the east

D A G D/F#  
Even though the day is done.

Em  
Two suns in the sunset

Bm  
HMMMMMMMMMM

Em A  
Could be the human race is run.

A D A G A D A G A D

Bm A  
Like the moment when the brakes lock

Bm  
And you slide towards the big truck

G A D  
You stretch the frozen moments with your fear.

Bm A  
And you'll never hear their voices,

Bm  
And you'll never see their faces,

G A D A  
You have no recourse to the law anymore.

G A D A G A D

D  
And as the windshield melts

G A  
My tears eveaporate,

D                                  G                  A      D

G                      A                      D                      A                      G                      D/F#

Em

Bm

Em A

D A G A D A G A